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Songs in the House

OF MY

PILGRIMAGE.

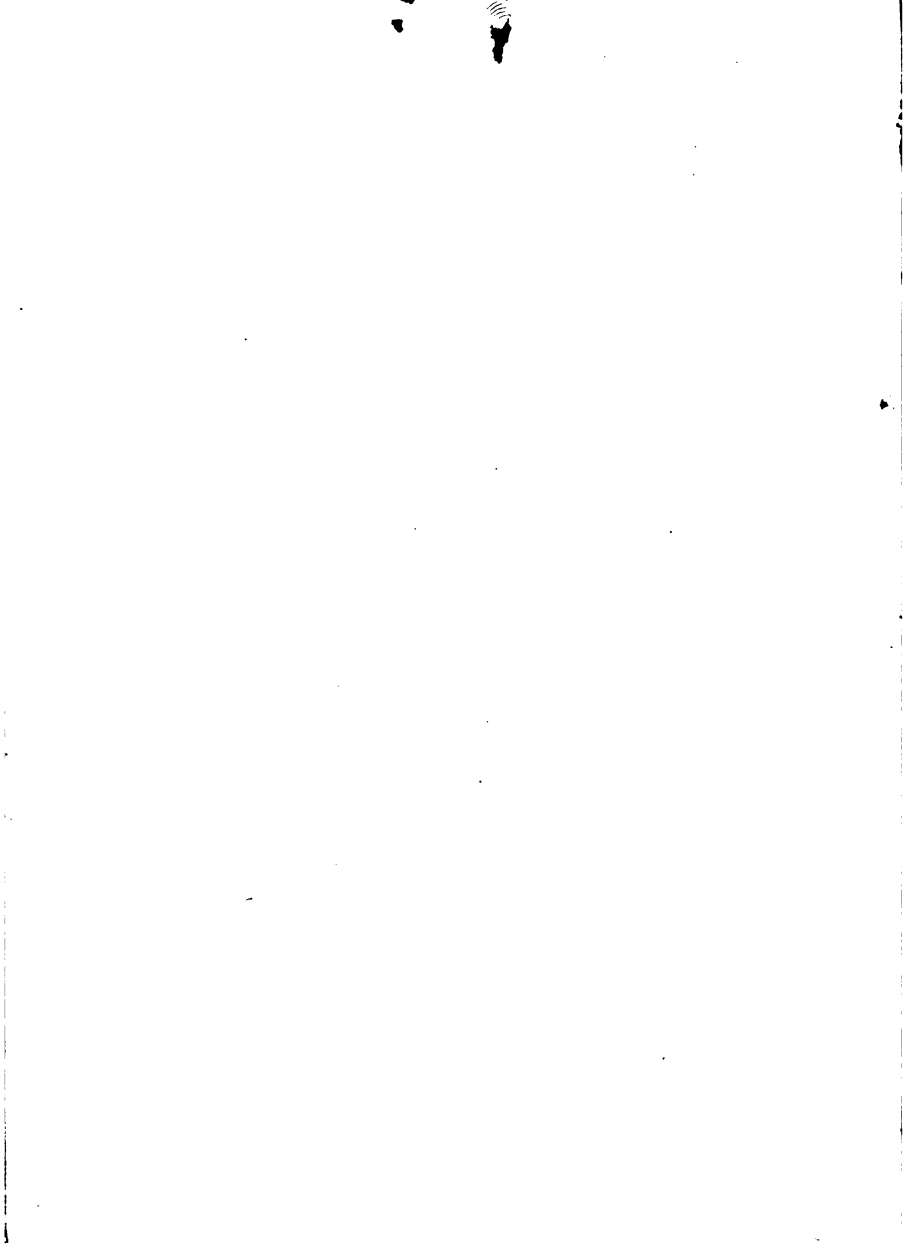
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SONGS
IN
THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

BY
ELLEN BANKS.

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SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEASHORE.

Thou art sure a teacher,
O Majestic Sea !
Deep thoughts in me raising,
As I stand here gazing
On immensity.

Though to human vision
I am all alone,
There's a Presence near me
Who doth see and hear me,
Unseen, not unknown.

'Tis His Mighty Spirit
Speaking to my soul
Thrilling words of wonder
Through the deep, loud thunder
Of thy ceaseless roll.

Tides of strong affection
Through my being flow,
Which, in secret treasured,
None hath ever measured,
None will ever know.

939868

THE VINYL ALPHABET

But the ocean fulness
Of the love divine —
Oh! that love infinite
Takes the soul within it;
And that love is mine !

What a golden prospect
Lieth on before !
All that love's deep yearning
I shall still be learning
Through the evermore.

All this unmet longing
Then forever stilled.
Bright anticipations,
Highest aspirations,
Gloriously fulfilled.

How my soul imprisoned
Beats against the bars !
All for the attaining
Of the rest remaining,
Home beyond the stars.

Past yon sky cerulean
How I long to soar !
For I'll read the history
Of life's tangled mystery
When I reach that shore.

There's a sea of Wisdom
Like the sea of Love ;
But I cannot view it,
Cannot reach unto it,
'Tis so far above.

Yet, as through the ages
Of eternity
All its depths I ponder,
In the glory yonder
More and more I'll see.

All life's wondrous lessons,
Now so strangely dim,
Christ will be revealing,
Page by page unsealing
As I walk with Him.

Patiently He'll lead me,
Make me understand
Why earth-hopes were blighted,
Why I seemed benighted
In the desert land.

And as He unfoldeth
All His wondrous ways,
Praise-notes will be sounding,
For His grace abounding
Through my pilgrim days.

When earth, sky and ocean
All have passed from view,
Blank annihilation
Swept this Old Creation
And all things are new,

Then, 'mid seas of glory
Swelling round the Throne,
Glory ever brightening,
All the soul enlightening,
Knowing as I'm known.

Orkney, September, 1881.

WHAT THE MOON BEHOLDS.

Tell me, O thou beauteous orb of night,
What dost thou see from thy far home of light?
This earth's to thee an ever open book
Whereon thou night by night dost calmly look.
Thou surely hast a long, long story read
Since thy first ray upon its page was shed.
Thou hast lived on through many a night and morrow
And witnessed much of mankind's sin and sorrow.

Ah, thou art silent; but I know full well
What language would thee suit, if thou could'st tell
The long, sad tale of all that thou hast seen
Since man has on the earth a dweller been!

If thou could'st sing, thy music, sure, would be
Upon a low and plaintive minor key :
Sad notes of lamentation thou would'st borrow ;
The burden of thy song be sorrow, sorrow.

From earliest ages to the present time,
Thy peaceful light has cheered each land and clime ;
'Mid piercing frost, or balmy summer air,
Thy silvery beams are welcomed everywhere.
Thou lookest on the wastes of Arctic snow,
And Tropic fields with richest flowers aglow ;
And still, in every land, each night and morrow,
Wherever man is found, dwells sin and sorrow.

In the deep darkness of the midnight time,
Thou seest some go forth to haunts of crime,
Their vile debaucheries to revel in,
And earn the deadly wages due to sin,
An awful treasury of wrath to heap ;
For as men sow, they shall most surely reap ;
They shall awake to find a bitter morrow ;
Eternity will not exhaust their sorrow.

On wild, tempestuous nights, when thou dost ride
Amid the drifting clouds, which often hide
Thy needed light from the poor sailor's view,
Thou hast seen many a brave and gallant crew
Go down and down into the dark abyss,
While thy faint, struggling beams came forth to kiss
Those anguished faces, which from them did borrow
A passing gleam to show their parting sorrow.

And thou hast seen the sailor's widow stand
For long, long hours upon the cold, wet sand,
Straining her heavy eyes which did appear
As though they had exhausted their last tear.
With hope deferred still smouldering in her breast,
She gazes round her, north, south, east and west ;
Until her reeling brain at last doth borrow
A phantom of the ship that caused her sorrow.

Thou hast looked down into the silent room,
Where sat the toiling, gifted one for whom
The world might wreath her laurels by-and-by.
His present meed was but to starve and die ;
His thoughtful brow was waning deadly pale ;
He knew that soon his sinking strength must fail ;
And they who found him dead upon the morrow
Would write the record of his life-long sorrow.

Thou hast beheld the lonely chamber where
The agonized mother knelt in prayer
Beside the cradle of her babe first-born,
Fearing he would die ere dawn of morn.
"God spare my only darling!" was her cry,
"Or if thou take him, let me also die!"
But he was gone ere rose another morrow,
And she was left to bear her load of sorrow.

Thou hast smiled fair at eve upon a bride,
Arrayed in glowing youth and beauty's pride ;
Hast seen that night Death's shadow o'er her thrown,
And listened to her wailing, piteous moan,

When told that she must leave her life, her love
And the bright future that her fancy wove ;
Exchange her gay robes for a shroud ere morrow,
And leave her lonely bridegroom with his sorrow.

But oh, perhaps, the saddest sight of all,
The darkest fate that mortal can befall —
Thy light has glimmered on the flowing tide,
While to his grave went down the suicide !
Unbidden, rushing to a dark unknown,
Ah, who can tell what he had undergone
Ere he had sought this mad release to borrow,
The last resource for overwhelming sorrow ?

One awful night, 'twas long, long years ago,
Thou did'st behold a scene of matchless woe ;
When Christ the spotless One, who knew no stain,
Was sounding the extremest depths of pain,
Beneath the shadow of the olive trees
That moaned full sadly in the passing breeze,
The Lamb of God, our substitute, did borrow
From human guilt His crushing load of sorrow.

The cup He was foretasting on that night,
He drank next day on Calvary's woeful height ;
The bitter dregs of suffering He did drain,
To purchase our release from endless pain.

The cup of blessing He for us did fill,
And now He holds it out to all who will
But drink and live : for them shall rise a morrow,
When they shall bid farewell to sin and sorrow.

Orkney, January, 1881.

WAITING.

One Autumn night, while fair moonlight
Was calmly o'er us streaming ;
Low rustling leaves soft music made,
And stars above were gleaming.

We two did wait, with hope elate
Within our bosoms burning,
For one we loved was absent there,
And long he seemed returning.

We scarce had eyes for starlit skies
Or beauties spread around us.
One living object for the time
Like potent spell had bound us.

And still anon as night drew on
Our hearts more anxious growing ;
We started at each passing sound,
New expectation glowing.

At last, at last, when hope waned fast
 (For midnight now was nearing),
One moment changed our fear to joy,
 The joy of his appearing.

We did not hear him drawing near,
 Though long we'd been attending;
To catch his footfall on the walk
 Our ears incessant bending.

While then and there we knelt in prayer
 Praise in each heart was swelling
For God's preserving, guiding care,
 And love beyond all telling.

In the same hour, with wondrous power
 The lesson I was learning,
What 'tis to wait for Christ the Lord
 With true and heartfelt yearning.

And just as then, some moment when
 Our hearts are almost failing,
They shall expand with sudden joy
 His longed-for presence hailing.

Lord, even so, give us to know
 The eager aspiration,
The girded loins, the burning lamps,
 The high anticipation.

All else but loss and worthless dross
Forever to be deeming,
And Him, the precious Christ of God
Our only joy esteeming.

So, when at last the trumpet's blast
Shall burst upon our hearing,
We shall, with unmixed joy, arise
To hail His bright appearing.

Somerville, August, 1884.

USES OF AFFLICTION.

It breaks the earthen pitchers filled at the muddy
stream,
That we might seek the fountain where living waters
gleam.

It lifts the veil from things sublime ;
And, in the light of yon fair clime,
Perishing things of earth and time
All vain and worthless seem.

Apples of Sodom alluring our foolish, wandering
sight,

It robs them of their specious bloom that flaunted
in the light.

Lust of the flesh and lust of the eye
Temptingly round our pathway lie ;
All unseeing we pass them by
In sorrow's darksome night.

Butterfly pleasures in summer we chase through
sunny glade ;
The fluttering things evanish when falls the winter
shade.

Gossamer threads whereon we hung,
Sanguine hopes away are flung ;
Illusive dreams to which we clung
Before our vision fade.

Soft, silken chains of human love that held in bond-
age sweet,
It looseth, and the soul goes free to reach the Mas-
ter's feet.

Ah, better to lie bleeding there
Than earthly pomp and triumph share.
His healing touch, His tender care,
Our fondest wishes meet.

And when we reach our fatherland, beyond the
ocean foam,
We'll thank Him for restraining grace, that would
not let us roam ;
We'll praise Him for the chastening rod
As well as for the cleansing blood ;
For raging storm and roaring flood
That bore us to our home.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

All alone while I sat thinking, draughts of grief my
soul was drinking ;
Melancholy thoughts stole o'er me, like the visions
of a dream ;
Sombre pictures passed before me, casting dismal
shadows o'er me ;
And the more I meditated, sadder, darker did they
seem.

Woful was my waking dream.

Yes, I saw the church in ruin, wreck of souls her
path bestrewing,
None to lift a warning voice and none to lend a
helping hand ;
Careless saints all steeped in slumber ; faithful ones,
how few their number !
While the signs of coming judgment gathered fast
throughout the land.
Few there were who, brave and fearless, dared for
God and truth to stand,
But a small and feeble band.

And those few, I saw them weeping, as, their long,
dark vigil keeping,
Strained they sore their heavy eyes to see the
Morning-Star appear ;
But the time was slowly dragging, and His chariot-
wheels seemed lagging ;

And methought, "They'll sleep for sorrow if they
stay much longer here."

But, hark ! what is that strange, glad sound that
bursteth on my ear,—

Thrilling sound, so loud and clear?

Joy ! it is the archangel's voice. Arise ye saints !
Rejoice ! rejoice !

Oh, the bliss ! in one bright moment, in the twink-
ling of an eye,

We, into the air ascending, view that countenance
transcending

Yon bright sun in all his splendor, shining in the
noonday sky.

Farewell Grief ! we'll weep no more ; and farewell
Death ! we'll never die.

We are with Him in the sky.

Pass we through the pearly portals. Sing, oh sing,
ye blest immortals !

Take these golden harps He gives us, tune them to
sublimest tone.

Follow Him o'er gold streets gleaming, on to where
yon light is streaming ;

There, amid the central glory, hail the God-man on
His throne !

He who on the hill of Calvary for our sins did once
atone,

He is worthy, He alone !

See the many crowns all shining, grace and majesty
combining,
On that brow so marred with sorrow when He trod
this desert wide,—
Brow that at His crucifixion bore the thorny-crown
infliction,
Would not shrink from rude hands smiting, not from
shame and spitting hide.
All the shame, the pain, and sorrow He did bear to
win His bride.
Now He sees her at His side.

'Tis indeed a noble mansion, with its halls of wide
expansion,
Into which our worthy Bridegroom now has brought
us by His grace ;
But these walls of jasper glowing, those pellucid
fountains flowing,
Emerald, amethyst, sardonyx, gem-foundations of
the place ;
All these would avail us nothing, if we did not see
His face,
And His matchless glory trace.

Everlastingly to wander through those boundless
scenes of grandeur
Wanting Him would but be exile for the blood-
bought, loving soul.

Still to feast in heavenly bowers, 'mong the amaran-
thine flowers,
Would be joyless in the absence of the One our
hearts extol.
Me He loved ! for me He died ! Turn we as nee-
dle to the pole :
Only Christ attracts the soul.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL
SEAWEED.

Tell me, thou ocean plant,
Who fashioned thee so fair,
In garden of the deep
O'er which the proud waves sweep ?
Who formed each tiny leaf with such minute, inge-
nious care ?
Down in that dark abyss,
Who was it sowed the seed,
And caused thee there to spring,
A fair but fragile thing ?
I'd like to learn thy history, thou exquisite seaweed !
Tell me what power it was
That from thy root thee tore,
And, 'mid wild ocean's rage,
Sent thee on pilgrimage ;
Then laid thee to repose at last upon this peaceful
shore.

Here, lying on the sand,
Thy beauty is revealed ;
Each tender, changeful hue
The sunlight brings to view,
Which, painted in thy ocean bed, had there lain all
concealed.

I'm glad the friendly waves
Did at my feet thee fling.
No longer thou shalt roam
Amid the surging foam.
I'll take thee home and keep thee safe, thou precious
little thing.

For, sure, I know it now, —
I know who fashioned thee
After His own good plan,
Far from the eye of man,
And sent thee to this very spot, a messenger to me !

'Twas the same sovereign Lord
Of nature and of grace
Who sowed a seed divine
In this dark soul of mine,
And watched its slow and tender growth in such un-
likely place.

He tore me from the abyss
Of worldliness and sin,
And launched me the tide
Of a new life to ride
Until, past every stormy wave, I shall the haven win.

And when I'm landed safe
Upon the heavenly strand,
In the pure, cloudless light,
All that is fair and bright
In me shall there be found at last, the work of His
own hand.

Then all of self and sin
Consumed by fire divine,
By His own verdict meet,
Passed at the judgment-seat,
Presented faultless in the light, I'll to his glory
shine.

Now, O my Father God,
I render thanks to Thee
That, knowing all my need,
Thou by this humble weed
Hast breathed into my listening ear a message from
the sea !

Orkney, June, 1881.

HOME LONGINGS.

This stranger land
Is fair and grand,
And lovely things there be
That pilgrim ears may listen to
And pilgrim eyes may see.

Yet, we march along
With yearning strong
For the home so far away, —
For sweeter sounds and grander sights,
And joys that ne'er decay.

There *are* sweet flowers
In earthly bowers ;
But thistles are also found.
The rose and thorn are closely twined,
For cursed is the ground.

So we pant and sigh
For the land on high,
Where the tree of life is seen ;
Where amaranthine flowers bloom,
And never curse has been.

We look to the hills
And the lone heart fills
With yearning fond and deep
To stand upon the Holy Mount,
Where Christ His flock doth keep.

The sea rolls on
With a ceaseless moan ;
As it foams in surging might
We long for yon calm crystal sea,
Reflecting His own light.

When many a star
Shines out afar,
And the calm moon doth glide
'Mong clouds, they seem to beckon us
To reach their brighter side.

Dear friends we meet,
And passing sweet
Are the hours with them we spend ;
When soul meets soul in rapt embrace
And thoughts and feelings blend.

But ah, how swift
These moments drift !
They pass like morning dew.
With parting clasp and sad farewell,
Our loved one goes from view.

Then the soul upsprings
On aspiring wings
To the meeting on before, —
The long communion of the saints
On the bright, golden shore.

We see the Lord
In His holy word
As in a mirror fair ;
And graciously He draweth nigh
Whene'er we kneel in prayer.

But who can tell
How the heart doth swell
With ardent, strong desire,
To see His beauty face to face,
And join the white-robed choir ?

Orkney, December 25, 1882.

HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.

Job xxiii. 10.

Yes, sure I am, Thou knowest all, my God, —
The long, dull, aching pain,
Sore pressing heart and brain,
The footsteps trammelled by an unseen load.

The emptiness, the failure of my life
 In many a hope and aim ;
 The self-reproach and blame
That fill my lonely hours with mental strife ;

The haunting shadows of what might have been,
 Yet is not, will not be,
 Dark thoughts I fain would flee,
And sore temptations, Lord, Thine eye hath seen.

And so I cast me at Thy feet to-night,
 And, looking in Thy face,
 Would crave new store of grace
And strength and wisdom and Thy guiding light,

To show me, Lord, what Thou wouldst have me do ;
 Whether to sit and wait
 In still, submissive state,
Or rise and shake myself, and strive anew

To make my life worth living, to obtain
 Some useful sphere wherein
 I may at last begin
From earnest labor some results to gain.

And while my heart's requests to Thee I raise,
 And all my sins confess,
 I still would praise and bless
Thy name for mercies that have crowned my days.

For food, for shelter, for kind earthly friends ;
For the sure hope of heaven
Which Thou in love hast given,
And many a ray which oftentimes descends

Upon my wintry way, like sunlight gleam
That breaks through cloudy skies
Till every trouble flies,
And for a space myself I happier deem

Than all my fellow-mortals ; yea I taste
A rapture sweetly grand,
Which makes my soul expand
With ardent longing to arise in haste,

As Mary did of old, when word was brought
That Christ was drawing near.
I pant His voice to hear,
And see the glory which His blood hath bought.

And though my broken, worthless life hath been
A mystery unsolved,
It sometimes hath evolved
A fitful light whereby more clearly seen

Hath been a fellow-pilgrim's troubled way.
I thank Thee, Lord, for this
Deep, heartfelt, thrilling bliss !
And fain I'd hope that on the eventful day

When Thou shall sit upon Thy judgment seat
And all Thy saints be crowned,
Even then there may be found
Some little service which Thy smile shall meet.

Somerville, March 10, 1884.

MARY'S CHOICE.

Luke x. 38-42.

'Twas a festive day
In Bethany,
A wondrous guest was there ;
And Martha strove to show her love
By hospitable care.

But a lowly seat
At the stranger's feet
Was Mary's chosen place ;
There leaving all, she hung upon
His words of truth and grace.

She could well afford,
At the feet of her Lord,
To be misunderstood
By one who had not learned to know
Her soul's supremest good.

“ I serve alone,”
With grating tone
These words broke on the scene ;
Yet could not ruffle Mary’s peace,
For Jesus stepped between.

What pains He took,
With mild rebuke,
And searching words, yet true,
To speak to Martha’s inmost need,
For well that need he knew.

“ O troubled heart,
Thou careful art
About these many things ;
But Mary’s choice, the better part,
Eternal gladness brings.”

My soul, give heed,
Thy lesson read.
How often, occupied
With self and service, I forget
That best He’s gratified

By sitting still,
With bended will
And earnest listening ear,
To learn the wishes of His heart
From His own word most clear.

Then, only then,
With tongue or pen
I can His message bear ;
Can tell poor sinners of His love,
Saints of His beauties rare.

.

John xi. 1-45.

There came a day
In Bethany
When sorrow's wing was spread
Above the happy household there,
For Lazarus was dead.

Then Jesus came,
And still the same,
Was Mary's refuge now ;
She hastened to His sacred feet,
There in her grief to bow.

And not in vain ;
For all her pain
She found a solace meet.
The Man of Sorrows wept with her
In sympathy most sweet.

Yea, not alone
In tear and groan
His sympathy did flow ;

From out his loathsome tomb He bade
Her loved one forth to go.

So may I flee,
My Lord, to Thee
In sorrow's darksome hour,
To feel Thy tenderness, and learn
Thy resurrection-power.

.

John xii. 1-8.

Again a day,
In Bethany,
When gladness did betide.
Christ and the resurrection-man
Were seated side by side.

And Martha still
Her place did fill,—
To serve was still her care;
For Christ she loved to spread her board
With all her choicest fare.

And she was near,
And very dear
Unto His loving heart;
Yet He required a service now
Wherein she had no part.

Upon His feet
The ointment sweet
Was poured by Mary's hand ;
The secret of that precious act
None else could understand.

In fleshly haste,
They blamed her waste ;
But, ah ! she heeded not.
Her eye was on the Lord alone,
All others were forgot.

And oh, what thrill
Of joy would fill
Her tender heart and true,
When He approved her sacred act,
And told its meaning, too !

Now, Lord, I pray,
That from this day,
Her choice may still be mine, —
To linger at Thy blessed feet,
And pour the royal wine

Of worship true ;
And though but few
May understand my ways,
Thrice blessed shall my portion be
In living to Thy praise.

At judgment-seat,
When Thee I meet,
O Blessed Lord, I would
That then of me it may be said
"She hath done what she could!"

WORDS OF CHEER.

Saint of God, say, art thou weary?
Grows thy path each day more dreary?
Stretches out this howling desert,
Rugged, cheerless, dry, and bare?
Canst thou find no green oasis,
Where the noble palm-tree raises
Shady leaves and fruitful branches,
Food and shelter to prepare,
And the bubbling waters woo thee,
To lay down thy load of care,
Quench thy thirst, and rest thee there?

Ah! I hear thee sadly wailing,
For thy toil-worn limbs are failing,
And thy blistered feet are leaving
Blood-marks in the burning sand.
Fiery sun-blaze on thee glaring,
Hour by hour thy strength is wearing,
Yet thy tear-dimmed eye is lifted
Upward to the far-off land

Where, upon the sea of crystal,
Thou shalt one day surely stand,
Singing with the heavenly band.

Yes, thou child of tribulation,
Know the God of thy salvation,
Though His ways seem oft mysterious,
Deals with thee in perfect love ;
All thy pain His heart is feeling,
He will send thee strength and healing.
When their purpose is accomplished,
He thy burdens will remove.
Eyes divine, steadfast, and tender
Like the eyes of gentle dove,
Watch thy footsteps from above.

Hast thou seen the eagle rising,
And this misty earth despising,
Roam through boundless fields of light,
Soaring on triumphant wing ?
Thou, too, from the earth upspringing,
Shall thy eagle-flight be winging
From the mists of care and sorrow
To the presence of the King,
Where celestial choirs rejoicing
Make the jasper city ring
With the songs of praise they sing.

There no more the sun-blaze beating
Shall thy fevered brow be heating.

In the grand, eternal city
Sun and moon they need no more ;
For the light that emanateth
From the Lamb each soul elateth, —
Light that sheds soft, hallowed radiance
On bright walls and golden floor ;
Faces of the saved reflecting
That same light forevermore,
Shed from Him their hearts adore,

With what lowly adoration,
Blent with holy exultation,
Thou shalt thank Him for the patience
That did guide thee all the way ;
Bore thy sullen, dark repining
While thy dross He was refining ;
Crownèd thee with loving kindness,
Even when he seemed to slay ;
Though thy evil heart mistrusted,
Still remained thy strength and stay ;
Helped and blessed thee every day.

On and on through endless ages,
While His love thy heart engages,
Thou with grateful admiration
Shall thy desert steps retrace.
Every fiery trial sent thee,
And each kind deliverance lent thee,
To thy rapt view still disclosing

More and more His mighty grace,
Thou shalt cast thy crown before Him
And his piercèd feet embrace,
There within the heavenly place.

JOHN IN PATMOS.

The manly form is bending fast,
The step is feebler now,
And time has set a silvery crown
Upon his furrowed brow ;

For he has witnessed many a scene,
Some joyful and some sad,
Since from his fishing-net was called
The Gallilean lad

To follow Him, the Stranger Man,
Whose presence on that day
Came o'er him like a mighty spell,
And drew him all the way.

He followed Him amid the crowd,
And to the desert lone,
And stood upon the Tabor Mount
While His bright glory shone.

He sailed with Him upon the lake,
And saw Him still the wave,
And went to hallowed Bethany
To weep at Lazarus' grave.

He saw Him cast the devils out ;
The fever-stricken one
Rise at His bidding from her couch,
With all her sickness gone.

He saw Him sit, that sultry day,
Upon the ancient well,
In hunger and in weariness,
Where He did sweetly tell

About the living water free
To one whose need was sore,
Inviting every thirsty soul
To drink and thirst no more.

That great Passover night he leaned
Upon His bosom, too,
And passed with Him o'er Kedron's brook,
His agony to view.

He saw Him, with His bleeding brow,
Grow faint beneath the load,
While carrying His heavy cross
Along the dismal road

That led up to Golgotha's Hill,
Where he was doomed to die.
He saw Him there, in all His pain,
And heard His anguished cry.

He watched the look of tenderness
Flit o'er the dying face,
While speaking to the widowed one,
Who wept at that dread place.

He saw Him yield His spirit up,
Amid the awful gloom,
And ran a race with Peter
To behold His empty tomb.

He stood upon Mount Olivet,
And saw Him pass away
Into the golden cloud that caught
Him from their sight that day.

At Pentecost, He did behold
The cloven tongues of flame,
And felt the power within his soul,
And spoke in the Great Name

By whose subduing might at once
Three thousand souls were born ;
And he has wandered long and far
Since that eventful morn.

And suffered for that blessed Name
Privations great and sore,
Now, banished to this lonely isle,
It seems that all is o'er.

That nothing now remains for him
But just to watch and wait,
Until his Lord shall come, or death
Shall open wide the gate,

And let him pass into the light,
To see again in peace
The One whom he had loved so long.
Then shall his trials cease.

He knoweth not what wondrous sights
His eyes shall yet behold,
Before his pilgrim feet shall stand
Upon the streets of gold.

That his shall be the task to tell
About yon city grand,—
The palace of the universe,
Wherein the saved shall stand.

The towering pearly gates that gleam,
All beautiful to view,
Whose very whiteness seems to say,
“No foul thing shall pass through.”

The glory of the jasper walls,
The rainbow round the throne,
The new, endearing name engraved
Upon the pure white stone.

And of the healing leaves that grow
Upon the fadeless tree ;
The glory-flame that burneth still
Amid the crystal sea

Whereon the crownéd harpers stand,
And lead the mighty song,
Re-echoed by the millions there,
Like thunders deep and long.

The leading of the happy flock
To living fountains clear ;
The gracious tenderness that bends
To wipe their every tear.

The casting of the diadems
From many a saintly head,
In honor of the Worthy One,
Who liveth and was dead.

The opening of the seven seals,
The woes that then shall fall
On this doomed earth and all therein
Who turn from mercy's call.

Their wild, vain cries for rocks and hills
To hide them, from the Face
Before whom earth and heaven shall flee
From their accustomed place.

The opening of the book that bears
The record of their doom,
Their wailings as they pass into
The everlasting gloom.

The lurid flame that shall ascend,
From the infernal lake
Where they, with Satan and his crew,
Their endless bed shall make.

These wondrous things to see and write
His God to him hath given ;
The exile-land is surely found
The very gate of heaven.

“His banner over me was love.” — Songs 24.

“In the name of our God we will set up our banners.” —
Psalm xx. 5.

I hear a deep-toned voice
That speaks within my soul,
Grandeur than ocean's roar
Resounding on the shore,
Or lofty organ melodies that through cathedrals
roll.

Sweeter than æolian harp,
When touched by passing breeze,
Or voice of parting friend,
When love and sorrow blend ;
Or autumn's lingering farewell, breathed through
the rustling trees.

It is the Bridegroom's voice !
None other could it be !
I hasten at His call
Into the banquet hall ;
For there, beneath his banner, He'll come and talk
with me.

Speak, Lord, thy servant hears !
Speak of the quenchless love,
That bore Jehovah's frown,
That waters could not drown,
And my long years of cold neglect and sin could
not remove.

Upon my waiting brow,
He seals His holy kiss ;
His arm doth me embrace.
Oh, wondrous, wondrous grace,
That such unworthy one as I should meet such love
as this !

I'd close my eyes and ears
To all earth's glare and noise,

Its pleasures and its sin ;
Here, with my Lord shut in,
I'd sit forever now, and feast on heavenly joys.

But nay, He says, " Go forth ;
Equip thee for the fight ;
Come, take thou up thy cross,
Prepare to suffer loss ;
But still the banner of My love shall be thy ensign
bright."

Yea, Lord, I follow on,
Wherever thou dost lead.
Though I am weak and frail,
The banner shall prevail.
I know that I shall surely find new grace for all my
need.

" He led them forth by the right way." — Psalm cvii. 7.

When we soar beyond the shadows,
Leave those passing scenes behind,
Stand upon the holy mountain,
Drink beside the crystal fountain,
Praising with unfettered mind.

With our eyes washed from the earth-scum,
And the tears that now bedim,

In that cloudless light beholding
God's past dealings all unfolding
Oh, what thanks we'll give to Him !

Things as cold, as bare, unsightly
As the jaw-bone Samson found,
Will be seen replete with blessing,
We had otherwise been missing,
Stony Bethel's hallowed ground.

Lonely hours of midnight wrestling,
Ere the stubborn will at length,
'Neath the mighty pressure shrinking,
Made us halt, yet left us thinking,
"This is better than our strength."

Mornings when the weary spirit
Turned away with shudder cold
From the long-protracted trial,
Conflict, toil, and self-denial,
Which the day must needs unfold.

Disappointment, separation,
Heart-wounds festering deep and sore ;
Life's wild tumult, strife, and clangour,
And the still more dreaded languor
When the battle-shock is o'er.

All these even now are gilded
With His presence day by day,

But for which, the spirit heaving,
Would, the mortal barrier cleaving,
To her loved home force her way.

But, that presence full, unclouded,
Will display them bright and fair ;
Discipline the soul was needing ;
Just the right way He was leading
To the joy and glory there.

Orkney, Dec. 9, 1882.

DEATH DEFEATED.

Who is He, the far-famed Stranger
Who approacheth o'er the plain,
With his followers attending,
While yon sad procession's wending
Slowly o'er the streets of Nain ?

Is it some victorious general
From the bloody field of Mars,
Shouting crowds behind him trooping,
Retinue of captives drooping
Yoked to his triumphal cars ?

'Tis the Lord of Life who cometh,
His no pomp, no proud array ;
He will meet, at yonder portal,
Stronger foe than ever mortal
Slew in midst of battle-fray.

Earthly warriors proudly boasting
 May recount their thousands slain ;
But, from death's grim clutch they never
Could a single life deliver,
 Though it were a world to gain.

Yet the mighty tyrant meeteth
 Here a mightier than he ;
See, with kindest look He turneth
To the stricken one who mourneth
 Bids her wait His power to see !

Ah, that suffering mother, mark her
 Sunken eyes and pallid cheek,
Telling tale of mortal anguish,
When she saw her loved one languish,
 Plainer far than words could speak !

Thou alone her grief can measure,
 Who has seen thy heart's desire
Struggling hard in Jordan's billow,
Wet with burning tears the pillow
 Where thy darling did expire.

Life-blood from thy own heart flowing
 Had been given drop by drop,
If the unreserved surrender
Made by heart so sad and tender
 Could the fell destroyer stop.

Such had been the blasting sorrow
Which had bowed that widowed head.
One wish only in her striving,
Hope all other hopes surviving,
Soon to be among the dead.

"Far away, beyond the shadow
She once more should meet her child,"
Such the thought her sad heart filling,
When the Master's deep voice thrilling
Met her ear in accents mild.

"Young man, I say to thee arise!"
Never such a high command
By the lips of man was spoken;
But the deadly spell was broken;
Death unclasped his icy hand.

Oh, the joy — who can describe it —
Of the mother in that hour?
Language fails, the task declining;
So my feeble pen resigning,
Must confess the lack of power.

Still, the Blessed One looks forward
To a bliss beyond compare,
To the joyful celebration
Of a general restoration, —
Great, glad meeting in the air.

Down the Vista of the Ages
Looketh He with strong desire.
Sees the victory completed,
Death eternally defeated,
Cast into the lake of fire.

“One like unto the Son of Man.” — Rev. i. 13.

Oh, can it be the very same,
The weary, suffering man,
With whom, beneath the olive-trees,
While moaned the chilly midnight breeze,
I watched by moonlight wan ?

Pale, worn, and sad was then the face
Lit up with glory now.
Those flaming eyes shed tears, a flood,
Which mingled with the drops of blood
Fast falling from His brow.

That voice, like many waters now
Was hoarse that night and low.
I heard its meek, imploring tone,
Half choked with agonizing moan,
While wrestling with his woe.

He leadeth now, in majesty,
The whole celestial band;
Yet was He led by ruthless men,
Like malefactor from his den,
At Pilate's bar to stand.

His garments now are spotless white;
But on that bitter morn
He was by Herod's mocking crew
Arrayed in robes of purple hue
With diadem of thorn.

Ah, sure, it was a symbol meet
(Though man could do no worse)
That ere He went to Calvary's tree,
Our sacrifice for sin to be,
They crowned Him with the curse.

And never, sure, can I forget
My anguish deep and sore,
When I beheld the visage marred,
The holy brow so deeply scarred,
As to the cross they bore

This loving One, upon whose breast
I'd leaned in friendship sweet;
And drove the iron through those hands
Which oft had loosed the suff'rer's bands,
And through the tender feet

That journeyed many a weary mile
On works of mercy bent ;
And when arose that wondrous prayer '
For cruel ones who nailed Him there,
The very rocks were rent.

The living water, pure and sweet,
He'd offered free to all ;
But when His dying thirst did crave
A cooling draught, they only gave
A bitter cup of gall.

He filleth now the glory-land
With His effulgent light ;
But round His cross, that day of doom
Hung awful canopy of gloom
Like to the blackest night.

Oh, joy to think 'tis over now,
The suffering and the shame !
He of the travail of His soul
Shall see, while endless ages roll,
All glory to His Name !

THOUGHTS ON A WINTER MORNING.

How cheerless, cold and dull
Seems the gray dawning of the winter morn,
When these far-distant stars, that shone so clear
All through the long, still watches of the night,
Are waxing pale and dim.

My spirit heaves a sad, regretful sigh,
When I behold their calm, soft radiance eclipsed
By the stern light of day, that calls me forth
To face the hard realities of Life.

Upon the threshold of the opening day
I trembling stand, and shrink to enter in ;
To gird anew my armor for the strife ;
Meet Satan's fiery darts and subtle wiles,
And still more dreaded evils of my heart.
And all this weary warfare to maintain,
And bear the secret burdens of my soul,
Uncheered by human aid.

Oft through the night
I keep a happy vigil with the stars ;
In their high dwelling-place, they seem to me,
Ambassadors sent to the border-land
Which lies between the royal city fair
And this dark province of the King's domain,
To speak for Him, the great infinite One,
Who made them all, Who calls them by their names,

And guides them through immensity of space,
As shepherd guides his flock.

And, oh, to think, "He is my shepherd too."
The One who guides the stars is leading me,
All through life's winding maze, to yon high goal,
Yea, I shall one day soar beyond them all,
And see them roll far, far beneath my feet.

Thus, through the silent night, when none is
near,
My thoughts are sweetly drawn from time and sense,
To meditate on God and holy things;
Until, by faith, I pass within the veil,
And bow before the throne.

But, when the daylight dawns and work begins,
My soul descends to earth on fluttering wings;
For I must tread once more the beaten path,
Mix with the crowd, and hear those Babel sounds,
Wherein God has no part.

So while I watch the stars,
And see them disappear from mortal view,
I earnest long with them to pass away
Into the brighter light. O Home, Sweet Home,
I stretch my weary arms and cry for thee!
If but my Lord would speak to me the word
Which David spake to Ittai of old
On Kedron's shore that memorable day.

With His permission, I would gladly plunge
Into the Jordan's cold and gloomy tide,
For it would bear me to the loving arms
That were outstretched for me on Calvary's Cross.
Oft, when I pass yon churchyard by the sea,
I wish that I might share the deep repose
Of God's beloved saints who slumber there.
What though the great sea billows loudly roar,
Close to the precincts of their lowly bed,
Like a great band of trained mourners sent
To sing for them a ceaseless funeral wail ;
And clouds of sea-gulls rise on snowy wings
Holding their loud, shrill concerts o'er their heads ;
These cannot them disturb. No lesser sound
Than the Archangel's trump shall ever break
Their quiet, dreamless rest ; and oh ! methinks
'Twould be so very sweet to lay me down
And sleep with them, till Jesus bid me rise.

.

Come, my ungrateful soul, I thee recall !
These morbid longings for an early grave
Befit thee not, for thou art not thy own.
Thou art a servant of the Lord of Life.
He bids thee but to taste the bitter cup,
The cup of woe that He drank to the dregs ;
To share His baptism in measure slight ;
That thou, O shallow soul, might'st comprehend
In faint degree the mighty, mighty cost
At which he ransomed thee !

Would'st thou compare thy puny griefs with His?—
Those dire temptations in the wilderness;
That awful hour beneath the olive-trees,
When o'er His brow the bloody sweat did roll;
And then the deeper anguish of the cross,
When the great billows overwhelmed His soul,
And the damp weeds of desolation coiled
Around His sacred head.

O Lord, in lowly penitence I bow,
In contemplation of the wondrous love
That made Thee bear these agonies for me.
Oh, make me willing, Lord, to watch and wait;
To serve or suffer as Thou dost command,
Until thou come again to call me home,
With all thy saints Thy beauty to behold,
And in Thy presence evermore to be!

“I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house
of the Lord.”

The reply given by one of the German martyrs, when told that
he was about to be burnt at the stake.

Into the house of the Lord they went
Through gate of blood and flame.
Through the smoke to the golden clime,
Those martyrs of the olden time,
Who gladly yielded up their lives for love of Jesus'
Name.

Passed they from the multitudes
Of raging, angry foes
Into the deep, eternal calm,
To join the grand, old swelling psalm,
That fills each soul in yon bright land with rapture
of repose.

Theirs was the baptism of pain ;
But, when they'd borne the worst,
From the poor, tortured, outraged clay
Soared their triumphant souls away,
And visions of celestial joy at once upon them burst.

Soon, into the House of the Lord
Sisters and brothers we go ;
Oh, let our pilgrim robes be clean,
And each one's shining lamp be seen,
Filled with the Holy Spirit's oil, reflecting purest
glow !

Not to the martyrdom of fire
God calls His children now.
But, ah, the martyrdom of sneers
Too oft excites our coward fears !
We shrink from His reproach, who wore the thorn-
crown on His brow.

Just think, " the reigning time " will come,
'Tis but a little while.

Then let us live as strangers here
With naught to hope and naught to fear
But so to live that we might win the Lord's approving smile.

OUR FUTURE.

When life's woes all are ended,
When the last tear is shed,
The cares that tracked our footsteps
Once and forever fled,

We'll enter on a gladness
We cannot now conceive, —
The joy that Christ prepareth
For all who will believe.

When all our toils are ended,
The sweat wiped from the brow,
Vanished those weary burdens,
That press so heavy now,

We shall enter on a rest
That no disturbance knows;
The rest that still remaineth,
Eternity's repose.

When the last pain is suffered,
The scorching fever passed,
The dull, depressing langour,
All gone away at last,

We'll have immortal vigor,
Health never more shall fail,
The limbs will not grow weary,
The cheeks will not grow pale.

When the last parting's over,
Breathed out the last farewell,
With all its bitter anguish,
More deep than tongue can tell,

'Twill be the glad re-union,
Inside the holy place,
We'll clasp the hands of loved ones,
And see them face to face.

When service all is ended,
When the last, faithful word
In weakness, fear, and trembling,
Is spoken for the Lord,

Then at the Master's bidding
The girdle we'll unloose,
And, girded, He will serve us :
Such is the part He'll choose.

When the dread conflict's over,
The tumult and the strife ;
Slain every foe that crossed us
While wrestling on through life ;

Then the palm-branch waits the hand
That grasps the sword-hilt now.
The glory-crown displacing
The helmet on the brow.

When the last glimpse of Jesus
By Faith's dim eye is seen,
Darkly through the misty glass
That ever comes between ;

In one blessed moment,
The twinkling of an eye,
We'll see His unveiled glory
Outbursting in the sky.

Oh, joy, all joys excelling,
His glory thus to see,
In perfect, bright effulgence,
And with Him still to be !

“He shall keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.” — Psalm xxxi. 20.

Louder and louder waxeth
This wild, unhallowed war ;
The echo of the contest
Is heard from near and far.

Word-weapons that are wielded,
Are deadlier than steel ;
The wounds by them inflicted,
Take longer far to heal.

What shame, that even saved ones,
Whom Jesus loves so well,
Sometimes lend their blood-bought lips
The godless strife to swell !

See those who have united
In sweet salvation songs,
Assailing one another,
In this mad strife of tongues.

So many hands hang feeble,
That grasped the Spirit's sword ;
And many tongues are silenced
That witnessed for the Lord :

And bitter roots are springing,
And many are defiled ;
And the Beloved's garden
Becomes a desert wild.

O Lord, is there no refuge
Where we may safely hide ?
Is there no cleft rock near us
Wherein we may abide ?

Yes, he shows a hiding-place ;
'Tis safe and sure and calm ;
In secret of His presence
We find a healing balm.

Let us take the key of prayer,
Unlock the golden door,
Enter that blest pavilion,
And hear the strife no more.

The Lord our God talks with us,
As man talks with his friend ;
He tells us, all this turmoil
Is drawing to an end ;

He bids us lift our eyes to
The everlasting hills ;
To watch for His appearing,
Whose voice the tempest stills.

Yea, we respond, "Come, quickly,
Thou Blessed Prince of Peace;
We know, when Thou appearest,
Each jarring note will cease."

In one swelling song of praise
We shall join forever;
No discordant voice shall sound
By the Crystal River.

Orkney, July, 1881.

LINES WRITTEN ON RETURNING HOME,
AFTER HEARING A BROTHER SPEAK
FROM JOHN XVII.

Loving Father, I do thank Thee
For Thy precious word to-night,
Filling my poor, weary spirit
With new hope and joy and light:

Bringing fresh to my remembrance
That dear One, who here below
Made for me kind intercession
Eighteen hundred years ago.

Ere He went to dread Golgotha
All my load of sin to bear,
Of my low state, He was thinking,
Me remembering in His prayer.

Now the mighty work's accomplished,
He has changed his thorny crown
For a diadem of glory,
And at God's right hand sat down.

Still, through intervening ages
He has ever thought of me :
And His prayer will not be ended,
Till his face in light I see.

Why, oh, why, am I desponding ;
Shrinking in affliction's hour,
While for me there stand enlisted
Heavenly wisdom, love and power !

Thou hast spoken sweet assurance
Of Thy coming, O my Lord,
From all sorrow and temptation
Full deliverance to afford.

While my pilgrim feet are wandering
O'er the lonely desert-road,
There's a place for me preparing
In the city of my God.

Maybe, ere another morning
Dawns in yonder eastern sky,
Sleeping sons of earth awaking,
I shall stand with Christ on high :

Shining in His glorious image,
Altogether bright and fair ;
Crowned and satisfied and holy,
'Mid the dear ones gathered there.

Done with all the bitter partings
Gone through in this vale of tears,
Finding in that holy circle
All the treasured love of years.

So I lay me on my pillow
With the one hope burning bright,
Thanking Thee for Thy sweet message
From a brother's lips to-night.

"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."—Jer.
xlix. 23.

Restless, mournful, wailing sea,
Tell me now what aileth thee ?
Why is it that quiet rest
Visits not thy troubled breast ?

Dost thou mourn the young, the brave,
Over whom thy surging wave
All the time doth wildly sweep,
Wak'ning not their dreamless sleep !

Or doth care thy bosom fill
For a something sadder still ?
Thinkest thou of those who now
Over thy vast bosom plough,
All forgetful of their God,
Hasting on the downward road ;
Tokens of his love and power
Spread around them every hour ;
Yet they will not understand,
Will not own His mighty hand.

It may be, thou Mighty Deep,
Thy thoughts take a wider sweep !
Dost thou know the solemn end,
When those heavens, that o'er thee bend,
God's hand shall together roll
Like a mighty parchment scroll ;
And those hills that round thee smile
Shall become a burning pile ;
And from out thy deep, dark bed,
Thou shalt yield the millions dead ;
All to stand disclosed in light,
At yon throne of dazzling white ?

Farewell, now, thou surging main !
I must leave thy shore again,
Leave thee to thy musings lone
And thy sad and ceaseless moan !

There will come a joyful day,
When thou, too, shalt pass away.
Never more thy rolling tide
Love-knit hearts shall then divide ;
For God's word declares to me
That there shall be no more sea !

“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE ? ”

When I am weary,
Burdened, weak and sore distressed,
Who then can cheer me ?
Who shall give me rest ?
Earthly reeds have broken ;
Yea, and pierced my trusting hand.
Sorrows deep, unspoken,
Come like armèd band.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
In my need I turn to thee ;
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Rests my soul on Thee.

Thy blood hath gained me
Access free within the veil.
Thy love sustained me
When each prop did fail.
Dark clouds rise before me ;
But Thou art my Sun and Shield.

While the waves sweep o'er me,
On the Rock I build.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou did'st give Thyself for me.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou art *all* to me.

In yonder glory,
With the holy blood-washed throng
I shall adore Thee
Through the ages long.
Down at Thy pierced feet
Then my blood-bought crown I'll cast,
In Thy sweet presence
Find my home at last.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou art coming soon for me ;
Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
I shall dwell with Thee.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away, passing away !
Beautiful Spring-time would not stay.
Came the Summer, with glowing heat,
And passed away with rapid feet.

Golden Autumn with his sheaves
And his many tinted leaves,
Now is flying quickly past.
Ice-crowned Winter cometh fast.

Passing away, passing away !
Flowers that made the earth seem gay ;
Transient things, how short their bloom !
Pass they to dark oblivion's tomb.

Passing away — those stately trees ;
Passing away — all things that please ;
Beauty and laughter, songs and mirth ;
All that brighten this death-doomed Earth.

Passing away, passing away !
Hoary hairs, how they tell decay !
There's but a step between death and thee !
Ag'd one, ponder eternity !

Passing away is manhood's strength,—
Age and sickness will come at length.
Death is stronger by far than thee,
Strong man, ponder eternity !

Passing away, sweet childhood's years.
'Tis through a vale of death and tears
Dear little feet must shortly tread ;
Father, may they be safely led.

Passing away, passing away !
Unsaved sinner, Time will not stay.
Over thee hangs an awful doom,
Fly to the refuge : still there's room.

Passing away, dear Saint of God,
From the toils of the homeward road.
Art thou weary because of the way ?
Thine the joys that will not decay ;

Thine is the peace by Jesus made ;
Thine is the crown that will not fade ;
Thine the white robe that will not stain ;
Thine the rest that will still remain ;

Thine the anchor within the veil,
That will outride the highest gale.
Christ will be through eternal day.
Portion that will not pass away.

Somerville, Sept. 28, 1885.

THE WAIL OF A LOST SOUL.

Woe is me ! I am benighted ! Will this gloom no
more be lighted
By one ray of blessed sunlight that we cheered in
days of yore ?
Will no dawn be ever waking, not the faintest
glimmer breaking,

Th' impenetrable darkness of this awful, awful shore ?
Moon and stars, fair lights of evening, shall I see
them nevermore ?

Echo answers "Nevermore."

Oh, this racking, burning anguish ! If I could but
faint or languish
Into sweet annihilation, and endure this pain no
more ;
Even death is from me flying, mocking all my groan-
ing, crying :
Tauntingly he doth remind me, how I fled from him
before.
Now I call him, he evades me, will he strike me
nevermore ?

Echo answers "Nevermore."

When I lived in yonder region, friends I had, their
name was Legion,
In this depth of utter darkness, I their faces see no
more ;
But their doleful lamentations and blasphemous exe-
crations,
Render these black vaults of Hades still more dismal
than before.
I, their dreadful doom have hastened, must I hear
them evermore ?

Echo answers "Evermore."

Memory like an adder stingeth, all the wasted past
upbringeth ;
If I could the viper strangle, half my misery would
be o'er ;
But around my heart it coileth, all my frantic efforts
foileth ;
'Tis the worm that never dieth, gnawing at my
bosom's core.
Is there, is there no deliverance ? Will he quit me
nevermore ?

Echo answers " Nevermore."

To my mouth my tongue is cleaving, not one drop
my thirst relieving
Of the copious, cooling water I so freely drank of
yore ;
Oh, if God would grant permission for one brief
hour's intermission
Of this burning, fiery torture, till His mercy I'd im-
plore.
Day of mercy's gone forever ? Will it reach me
nevermore ?

Echo answers " Nevermore."

Even if the great Eternal bid me quit this gulf
infernall ;
Gave me leave through space to wander, till I stood
at heaven's door,

Still, I would not dare to enter, for the Christ who
is the Centre,
Round whom all the saved ones gather, whom they
worship and adore,
Is the one I spurned, rejected when I dwelt on
yonder shore,
He would drive me from His door.

As the slain Lamb I refused Him, when He spake
in love, abused Him,
Lion now of tribe of Judah, I would flee His face
before.
Very sight of Him would blast me, self-condemned
at once would cast me
Back into the abyss of demons, here to wallow ever-
more ;
Farewell, all that's good and holy, I shall see you
nevermore.
Echo answers "Nevermore."

YET THERE IS ROOM.

"Condemned already and lost." Oh, what a terrible
doom !
Bound for the lake that burneth and the everlasting
gloom.
Come, sinner, stay thy reckless feet
Ere thou the final sentence meet !

Oh, hear the invitation sweet —
Behold there yet is room !

Yes, there's room in the Father's house, His halls
are free and wide,
And robes and shoes are waiting thee, and royal
rings beside,
And fatted calves are in the stall;
But, oh, the chiefest joy of all —
The Father on thy neck would fall
And draw thee to His side.

Why in the far-off country stay, feed with the filthy
swine;
When kingly fare is offered thee, a banquet all
divine.
Oh, why those tattered garments wear.
When thou couldst have a robe so fair,
That never would grow old or tear,
And never lose its shine ?

Thy path may seem a pleasant one : but it must
fatal be ;
The blood thou tramplest over now is calling against
thee.
When mortal strength and vigor fail,
Would'st thou in outer darkness wail,
Amid the fiery billows sail
To all eternity ?

THE SIN-BEARER.

Unto a place called Calvary,
Outside Jerusalem's gate,
Three trembling victims came one day
To meet a dismal fate.

Each bore a cross to which he was
By cruel soldiers nailed,
And deep reproach and bitter scorn
The middle cross assailed.

Say, who was He, that suffering One,
The object of their scorn,
With visage marred with agony
And brow all cut with thorn?

Oh, why, on that devoted head
Was poured such weight of woe?
Was this the vilest of the three
That He should suffer so?

Was ever criminal beheld
With such a look benign?
Did e'er such majesty and love
In human face combine?

Why was it that at mid-day hour
The sun was lost to sight,
As though a curtain there was drawn
To hide his glorious light?

Why quaked the solid earth as though
Some fear did it assail ?
What unseen hand was that which came
And rent the temple veil ?

Come, fellow-sinner, to the spot,
Thou shalt the secret learn,
Oh, lend thou an attentive ear ;
It doth thee much concern.

'Twas the Sin-bearer who was hung
On that accursed tree.
The blood that flowed from hands and side
Was poured for thee and me.

A storm did sweep o'er Calv'ry's Hill :
A fire was kindled there,
Which burned all hot and fiercely in
The tree so green and fair.

And there the storm its fury spent ;
The fire was quenched in blood
All scattered were the clouds of wrath
That hid the face of God.

The way into the Holiest
Is opened now for all ;
Who will accept the Saviour's grace,
And at his foot stool fall ?

Orkney, January, 1880.

LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

Hail thy blessed dawning,
Day of sacred mirth,
Resurrection-morning !
Let my soul now scorning
Meaner things of earth,

Bid them stay behind me
While I mount up there,
Holy places entering,
Thoughts on Jesus centering,
Who my sins did bear.

Keep me in Thy presence
All the long day through.
On Thy beauty gazing
Let me be upraising
Notes of worship true.

Orkney, September, 1881.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A LADY WHO HAD
BEEN LONG IN THE FURNACE OF
PAIN.

"I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire."—
Daniel iii. 25.

'Twas the strangest pathway
Ere by mortal trod,
Where those three were walking
All unscathed and talking
With the Son of God.

Yet they stepped as safely
As they shall one day,
In yon city olden
Walk the streets all golden,
Where the blessed stay.

Roaring of the furnace
Quenched all other sound.
Music loudly swelling
Royal order telling,
In the noise was drowned.

But that voice beside them,
They could always hear,
And its deep tones thrilling
All their souls were stilling,
Calming every fear.

All untouched their garments,
But the cords that bound —
These the flames did sever,
They were gone for ever :
Could nowhere be found.

Has the Master called thee
Thus with Him to go
Through a furnace blazing ?
There His love amazing
Thou shalt surely know.

Thine no common trial,
Ordeal of pain ;
But He walks beside thee,
And what'er' betide thee
He shall still sustain.

All the ties that bound thee
To the things of time,
One by one He's burning,
And thy spirit turning
To things more sublime.

From the fire emerging
On the glory side ;
After the refining
Thou shalt soon be shining
Like gold purified.

A PRAYER FOR A YOUNG SISTER IN
SICKNESS.

Lord, be with my gentle sister
Mid the weariness and pain !
May Thy tender love enfold her,
And Thy mighty arm uphold her ;
Then her suffering shall be gain !

Through the lonely, dark night watches,
When no earthly friend is near,
Give her holy meditation,
Whisper words of consolation,
By Thy Spirit in her ear !

Tell her of the Man Of Sorrows,
Who affliction's pathway trod !
Tell her of His bitter anguish,
When He on the cross did languish,
To redeem her soul to God.

Let her trace Him to the glory,
Where he sits at God's right hand !
Tell her how her name He's wearing,
And for her a place preparing
In the fair and blessed Land !

Tell her also of His Coming
To receive his loved ones home ;
Of the untold joy of greeting
All the saints at that glad meeting ;
Gathered there no more to roam !

Tell her of the spotless garments,
And the crown of victory bright,
Of the joy, all joys excelling —
With Him to be ever dwelling,
He Himself her Life and Light.

Give her perfect resignation,
To abide His coming here ;
Or to step within the Portal,
Where her spirit saved, immortal
Shall remain till He appear !

Lord, we thank thee, Thou hast told us
There's no death for such as she !
Jesus died and now He liveth
And eternal life He giveth.
Blessed gift, so rich and free !

There may be a short unclothing,
And the body, like a dress
Folded for a little season,
And by Thee, for some wise reason,
Laid aside ; but none the less,

Thou shalt watch it as a treasure
Keeping for the Bridal-morn,
When to glorious life awaking,
It shall from the casket breaking
Brightly shine at Christ's return.

Somerville, October 4th, 1884.

FOR A SERVANT OF GOD LEAVING FOR
A DISTANT LAND.

Gracious, Everlasting Father,
In the Saviour's name we pray ;
Hear our supplications fervent,
For Thy dear beloved servant
Going from this land away !

Tears in many eyes will gather,
Many hands will wave good-bye.
Hearts with strong affection burning,
His departure deeply mourning,
Will unite to swell this cry.

Whatso'er of joy or sorrow
Future days may have in store,
May Thy watchful care unsleeping
Him in all his way be keeping,
Till he reach the brighter shore !

Health and strength and every blessing
All his need do Thou supply;
Let him to Thy praise be shining,
Grace and faithfulness combining,
Serving Thee with single eye !

Bless Thou, Lord, his little children
And the partner of his love !

May Thy presence bending o'er them
Calm the troubled waves before them !
All Thy goodness let them prove !

Though his much-loved form we never
May again on earth behold ;
We shall, 'mid the scenes of glory,
When is past life 's checkered story,
Meet him on the streets of gold.

Voice that oft has thrilled our spirits,
We may never hear again,
'Till we, mid the swelling chorus,
In the blessed land before us,
Hear it in sublimer strains.

Lord, we thank Thee for the prospect
Of the day we long to hail,
When the countless congregation
From each scattered tribe and nation,
Gather shall within the veil !

All the dreary partings over,
Nothing then but love and joy ;
Cup of gladness overflowing,
Love in every bosom glowing,
Ardent, pure, without alloy.

Orkney, August, 1882.

FOR TWO SERVANTS OF GOD LEAVING
FOR A NEW FIELD.

O Thou who hast revealed Thyself
As the answerer of prayer,
Be Thine ear to us attending
While Thy servants we're commending
To Thy ever watchful care !

We would thank Thee, Lord that ever
Thou did'st guide their footsteps here :
For the power Thou hast given
By the Holy Ghost from Heaven
To proclaim Thy message clear !

For the souls who have believed
Through Thy word by them declared :
Lessons of sweet consolation
And soul-stirring exhortation
We Thy children too have shared.

For our holy sweet communion,
Foretaste of the joys to come,
When our parting days are ended,
And we all shall have ascended
To our Father's happy home.

Precious is the glad assurance
That 'Thou forth with them wilt go :

Yet with us be still remaining,
Them and us alike sustaining,
While we sojourn here below.

Though with sad, regretful yearning
We must speak the word good-bye ;
They are still our own possession,
Bound by sacred, close relation
To our Living Head on high.

Paul, Apollos, Cephas, all things
Thou hast given us in Him.
Distance cannot really sunder
For our union is up yonder,
Far above those shadows dim.

Now we plead Thy blessed promise —
Be Thou with them to the end ;
Every good to them supplying,
Keep them on Thyself relying,
Guide and comfort and defend !

Strengthen them in soul and body
For the work that lies before !
In Thy secret presence dwelling,
Be their cup of gladness swelling,
Running over more and more !

Many souls to them be given !
For this purpose make them wise !

May their crowns be bright and burning
On the day of Thy returning
When they meet Thee in the skies !

Oh, 'twill be a blessed meeting
At the Harvest-home so sweet !
We shall in their joy be sharing
When their sheaves we see them bearing,
Laying them before Thy feet.

FOR A SISTER, ON HEARING OF HER
SAFE ARRIVAL IN A DISTANT LAND,
WHERE SHE HAD GONE ON A VISIT.

My God, this night I thank Thee,
For tidings brought to me,
That Thou hast led my sister
Across the stormy sea.

Though wild winds swept the ocean,
Thy loving mighty hand
Did guide that ship in safety
Unto the far-off land.

And now for my dear sister
I ask the needed grace
To be a faithful witness
For thee in every place.

To live and speak for Jesus
Wherever Thou dost lead ;
To manifest His praises
In every word and deed.

And bring them back in safety —
The mother and the child ;
Be Thou again their Pilot
Across the ocean wild.

That, with a heart all grateful
For Thine abundant grace,
The husband and the father
His loved ones may embrace.

Then keep them, Lord, and guide them,
Until life's journey o'er
They meet in perfect gladness
Upon the heavenly shore,

Where no dividing ocean
Shall ever roll between ;
But Christ shall gently lead them
Among the pastures green.

Somerville, Nov. 18, 1884.

FOR A SISTER ON THE OCCASION OF
HER MARRIAGE.

Standing just upon the threshold
Of a life untried and new,
Sister, may the good Lord guide thee,
And whatever lot betide thee,
May thy heart to Him be true.

Star of earthly love now rising
O'er thy pathway clear and sweet,
May it help to draw thee nearer
To the One who loves thee dearer :
Help to keep thee at His feet.

May His blessing rest upon thee,
And the partner of thy choice,
Be His love your richest treasure,
And your sweetest, dearest pleasure
Still to hear the Shepherd's voice.

May ye follow in His footsteps,
Honor Him in all your ways ;
Be your highest aim His glory,
So that all your life-long story
May be written to His praise.

When your pilgrimage is ended,
And ye reach the land above,
May ye then in sweet communion
Thank Him for this earthly union
He has given in His love.

FOR ANOTHER SISTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

God bless thee, darling Lizzie !
I'm sure thou wilt not blame,
That still an old friend calls thee
The dear, familiar name !

It needs no words to tell thee
How much I wish thee joy ;
If I might choose thy portion,
'Twould be without alloy.

But one whose love transcendeth
My feeble love as far,
As brightest blaze of noonday,
Excels the glimm'ring star,

Holds in His pierced hand a cup
Of mingled joy and woe,
He gives to all His children
To drink while here below.

And He will deal it wisely,
As best befitteth thee,
Then give thee perfect gladness
From every mixture free.

So I commend thee to Him,
In perfect trust this day,
I know that He will guide thee
And bless thee all the way.

Flame-wall around thy dwelling,
Its inner glory too,
His living presence always
Shall bear thee safely through :

Till thou and thy dear partner
Exchange your home below,
For yonder many mansions,
Where joy and gladness flow.

In perfect, perfect measure,
Unmixed with woe or sin,
I shall rejoice to meet you
When the fair goal I win.

Together we shall worship
Through everlasting days,
Nought left us then to wish for,
Each longing turned to praise.

TO A SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Hail, beloved friend and sister !

Now for thee I humbly pray,
That the Lord may keep and guide thee,
And with every good provide thee
All along thy future way.

Earthly gifts I cannot offer,
Gold and silver have I none ;
But from out a full heart glowing
Prayers and blessings richly flowing
I can offer, these alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath led thee,
Called thee by His mighty grace.
May thou on His arm be leaning,
Daily strength and comfort gleaning,
Till at last thou see His face !

Thou and thy beloved partner,
And the child whom God has given.
May His presence watching o'er you
Make the pathway bright before you
Till ye reach that Home in Heaven ;

Where they never sin nor suffer,
Where they shed no parting tears,

Never feel one pang of sorrow,
Never dread the coming morrow,
Never count the days or years.

There we'll dwell in sweet communion
With each other and with Him
Who by His own blood hath healed us,
Sought and found and kept and sealed us
For the joys that ne'er grow dim.

Somerville, December 25th, 1883.

BIRTHDAY WISHES FOR A BROTHER IN THE LORD.

Not for thee, Beloved Brother
Would I covet wealth or ease;
Nor the trifles men call pleasures;
But far better things than these.

May the eye that never slumbers
Watch o'er thee by night and day!
May the ear that grows not heavy
Listen still when thou dost pray!

May the arm that grows not weary
Still protect thee and sustain!
May the heart that never changes
Share thy every throb of pain!

May thy faith be firm, unfaltering,
Shrinking not the cross to bear,
Counting all things loss for Jesus,
And the glory "over there."

May thy hope be calm and steadfast,
Ever fixed on things divine ;
Till thou reach the glad possession,
And in Jesus' likeness shine !

May thy love be pure and ardent,
Burning with a quenchless flame,
Ready still to do or suffer
For the blessed Master's name !

Now my final wish I'm writing,
Highest, fondest wish of all ;
'Tis that thou and I, Dear Brother,
Soon may hear the glad home-call.

That full soon, with all the Ransomed
We may rise to meet our Lord.
Never more to sin or sorrow,
Never speak one parting word !

Oh, how sweet, in yon fair city
Whereunto our footsteps tend
Evermore to dwell together
And in praise our voices blend !

Somerville, Feb. 1, 1884.

FOR A BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

This day, my Brother, I do thank the Lord
That still along the way
His loving hand hath kept and guarded thee
To see a new birthday.

That fewer trials lie before thee now
Than ever in the past,
And nearer draws the Day for which we long,
(It cometh sure and fast ;)

And while I praise His Holy Name to-day
For grace on thee bestowed,
And for the happy fellowship that oft
Has cheered my pilgrim-road,

I pray that thine may be the shining path
That always brighter grows,
As this short life with all its changing scenes
Draws nearer to a close.

That he may perfect His good work in thee,
And make thee even here
So bright in holiness that all may see
His image in thee clear.

Soon shall we cease to reckon days and years,
For time itself shall cease ;

And we shall launch upon a boundless tide
O love and joy and peace.

And when we gather in the Father's Home,
What pleasure will be mine
To see the brother whom I loved on earth
Amid that bright throng shine !

Yea, though the Lord shall be our chiefest joy
Through all Eternity ;
We shall rejoice to clasp each other's hand,
Each other's face to see.

And sweet shall be our long communion there,
When faith is changed to sight ;
For we shall never speak the word farewell,
Nor good-by, nor good-night.

Somerville, Feb. 1, 1885.

MEMORIALS OF DEPARTED ONES.

DAVID M. FLAWS,

My sister's little baby, one month old.

Darling Babe, thou soon grew weary
Of this world of pain and woe !
Thine was but a passing visit ;
Yet its suff'ring thou didst know.

As we stood in sorrow gazing,
On thy pale and lifeless clay,
Sprang there up amid our sadness
Thoughts of that approaching Day.

When the Blessed Lord from Heaven
Shall appear in glory fair,
And the sleeping saints arising
Gather home, His joy to share.

Mid that blood-washed throng all shining,
Thou, Dear Babe, wilt have a place.
Christ hath made the little children
Sharers in His love and grace.

Even now thy soul is with Him,
Waiting till He come again.
And thy dust in peace reposing
Resteth now from all the pain.

Though our sin-beclouded vision
Could not scan the reason why
Thou wast only sent to languish
These short weeks, and then to die:

He, our loving God and Father,
Gave thee that brief pain to bear
That thou mightest know the gladness
And the sweet rest over there.

When he comes, the weeping parents
Shall again their child embrace,
And there shall be no more parting
In the heavenly dwelling-place.

Teach us now, O Gracious Father,
Just to say "Thy will be done."
Thou didst give and Thou hast taken !
Glory be to Thee alone !

JAMES SANDISON,

An aged saint, poor in this world, but rich in Faith.

From yonder lowly cottage
A son of God hath gone.
Gone to a nobler mansion
Than any 'neath the sun !

Gone from deepest poverty
To riches all untold ;
To dwell within a city
Whose streets are paved with gold.

The body old and feeble
That slumbers in the ground,
Shall wake to youth immortal
At the glad trumpet's sound.

He passed through sore bereavements,
Deep grief his heart hath riven.
Sweet to the weary pilgrim
Will be the rest of Heaven.

And she who was his partner
In trials of the way,
Is waiting on before him,
Where they shall dwell for aye.

They breasted many a billow
Of tribulation here :
But bowed in meek submission
To him their hearts held dear.

As they magnified His Name
He'll surely honor them.
Theirs will be a shining robe
And starry diadem.

GEORGE POTTINGER

Fell asleep in Jesus at the early age of seventeen.

Dear young saint, how sweetly he did sing
Of the time when he should behold the King !
And now it is his — that blessed sight ;
He dwells at home in His presence bright.

He trusted Christ in his young life's bloom,
So Death was robbed of his dismal gloom.
Smiling, he plunged in the Jordan Tide,
For the light shone clear from the other side.

He will not regret his early call ;
No tear from his eye will ever fall.
Taken away from evil to come,
He is safe and blest in his happy home.

His friends will miss him the "little while,"
Long for his voice and his cheerful smile ;
But One Hope gladdens amidst their pain,—
They know that Christ is coming again.

And so we bid him a short farewell
Till that glad morning, and who can tell
How soon we may see our precious Lord !
"Behold I come " was His parting word.

DONALD ALLAN.

Aged fifty-five years ; suddenly called to his rest, April 8, 1877.

A beloved friend and brother
Has left this earthly scene,
And hallowed mem'ries cluster round
The place where he has been.

We think of all his kindly ways,
His words and deeds of love ;
And then in thought we follow him
To yon bright home above.

Many a dusty mile on earth
He trod with weary feet :
But he shall walk with tireless step
Along the golden street.

Suddenly called from earthly toil
To enter heavenly rest ;
No care, no toil he'll ever know
In mansions of the blest.

The saints on earth will miss him sore,
With whom he used to meet,
Around the Master's sacred board
To hold communion sweet.

We'll miss his dear, familiar form,
His counsels and his prayers ;
But, oh, how sweet to know he's blest,
And heavenly joy now shares.

Yet, our hearts bleed for the widow
In her desolated home,
Where his dear voice no more is heard
And his footstep will not come.

Heavy, indeed, has been her loss,
And deep must be her grief.
We know the Blessed Lord alone
Can give her heart relief.

Still, to our beloved sister,
We'd speak some words of cheer,
Sweet thoughts of consolation
We'd whisper in her ear.

A little while, and he who comes
Shall come and tarry not.
Sorrow and sighing then shall flee,
Her grief shall be forgot.

And even for ~~the~~ few short years
That ~~she~~ may journey here ;
The Lord Himself shall be her guide :
He shall support and cheer.

The tender sympathy of Him
Who is the widow's Friend
Shall be her solace all the way,
And crown her journey's end.

JANE SUTHERLAND.

Aged twenty-seven years. Passed into rest through an ordeal
of pain.

Done with this scene of sorrow,
Of weariness and pain ;
Hers is a long, bright morrow
And death is endless gain.

Past all the bitter anguish
That much her faith did try,
She'll weep no more nor languish
In that sweet home on high.

Dark frowned the vale before her ;
Yet she had perfect peace.
She knew the Lord watched o'er her,
His love would never cease.

She's gone within the Portal ;
We're waiting still outside ;
She tastes the joys immortal,
The veil from us doth hide.

Soon shall that veil be riven,
The glory breaking through ;
And He who is our Heaven
Shall burst upon our view.

Amid the joyful singing
On that triumphal day
We'll hear her glad voice ringing,
And greet her on the way.

And then the hidden reason
More fully we shall know,
Why for a little season
She suffered here below.

Then as we read the story,
The Saviour's praise we'll tell,
And shout amid the glory
" He doeth all things well."

MISS ANNA KEGAN

Fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 2, 1883.

I knew her but a month or two,
A passing glimpse, no more,
Yet I had learned to love her for
The image that she bore

Of Him, the Blessed One, whose love
Unites His children dear
In one sweet bond of fellowship,
Most tender, strong and near.

Only a few short weeks have fled,
A very little while,
Since last I held her friendly hand
And caught her parting smile.

Ah, little thought I then that through
The dark, mysterious vale
So soon her ransomed soul would pass
To joys that never fail.

But God hath willed it so and hers
The long, eternal gain :
While unto those who loved her here
It bringeth loss and pain.

She rests in peace with Him, while we
With soiled and bleeding feet
Still tread the sandy desert road,
Faint 'neath the scorching heat :

Yet, even now a solemn joy
Thrills through my being's core
To think how soon we'll meet again
And part, ah, nevermore !

That body sown in weakness now,
Robed in immortal power
Shall rise again and much we long
For the triumphal hour,

When the Archangel's Trump shall wake
The sleeping saints and we
All clothed upon shall rise again,
The Saviour's face to see.

Then in the Father's house above
The family shall meet ;
No missing link, no broken tie,
The circle all complete.

KATE RUSSELL

Was led to accept Christ at the age of thirteen, and departed to be with Him, little more than a year from the time of her conversion.

Have I read the news aright ?
Art thou gone from mortal sight ?
Hast thou entered through the Door,
Entered to go out no more ?

Short and swift has been thy race ;
Early gained the resting-place ;
Scarcely had the fight begun,
Till the crown of life was won.

Ah, thy parents weep for thee,
Rosebud from their family tree
Gathered by Death's ruthless hand,
In yon fair and happy Land
Richer bloom shalt thou attain,
So their loss to thee is gain.

Christ, in whom thou did'st confide,
Gently wooed thee to His side.
There thou ever shalt remain,
Sheltered from each woe and pain ;
Farewell, Dear One, till we meet
In that Home so calm and sweet.

Somerville, Jan. 12, 1884.

IDA E. NELSON.

A dear young sister who departed to be with Christ, Dec. 22,
1884.

O grim, resistless Death, hast thou been here
Amid the stillness of the morning hours,
With noiseless tread, and cold, unpitying grasp,
To steal from Earth one of her sweetest flowers ?

Could'st thou not be content with millions more,
Already gathered in thy wide embrace ?
Couldst thou not leave this fair and precious one
To bloom a little longer in her place ?

Hadst thou no pity for the parents' grief,
Sisters and brothers whose young hearts must
bleed ?

Compassion dwells not in thy stony breast ;
To human sorrow thou dost pay no heed.

But short thy triumph, O thou dreaded one,
For we can tell thee, smiling through our tears
She is not thine, although her dust may lie
In thy cold keeping for a few short years.

She is the property of One who paid
For her a costly price long years ago,
Even now her spirit finds repose with Him,
Beyond thy reach, beyond all sin and woe.

A little while and He shall come in power,
To claim the precious body He hath bought ;
Clothed in His image she shall then arise
In glory far surpassing human thought.

A conqueror's crown shall sparkle on her brow,
A blood-washed robe all spotless she shall wear,
Pass through the Gates into yon City bright,
And thou, O Death, can'st never enter there.

We'd humbly seek, as He our Lord has bid
To comfort thus the dear ones left behind
With thoughts of His appearing, and we pray
That they indeed may consolation find.

He will not chide their tears, for He did weep
In hallowed sympathy in days of old,
But He will speak of resurrection-joy,
When they their darling shall again behold.

ON THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MY
MOTHER'S DEATH.

Ah me ! Indeed 'tis just twelve years to-night,
Since to her long, long rest
Went the best friend I ever, ever knew,
Save Jesus Christ, the Faithful and the True,
My soul's most worthy guest.

It was my mother, who that solemn night
 Passed from this vale of tears,
 To be with Him, and that mysterious power,
 Which links the far past with the present hour,
 Leads me across the years,

Back to that time so very long ago,
 When all of joy and hope
 Seemed fading from me, as the death-hue stole
 O'er the dear face, and in my inmost soul
 I felt that I must grope

My future way uncounselled and uncheered
 By her kind, watchful love.
 That I should hear her gentle voice no more,
 Nor see her face, till this sad life was o'er,
 And we should meet above.

Of that much dreaded future twelve long years
 Have now become the past.
 Still, year by year my God hath led me through
 With loving kindness, mercies ever new,
 And soon will come the last.

Through dreary times, and seasons of delight :
 O'er toilsome, thorny ways :
 In pleasant paths bestrewn with summer flowers ;
 'Mid glowing sunshine, and bleak, wintry shower
 He's led me all the days,

With more than mother's love, and sure I am
He will not me forsake
Whatever may betide through what remains
Of life's short night with all its woes and pains,
Till the glad morning break.

In a lone churchyard by the moaning sea
My mother's ashes lie,
The waves beside her make a ceaseless moan ;
Wild sea-birds scream, and oft with mournful tone
The winds go sweeping by :

And feet of strangers careless press the grave
That I no more shall see.
'Tis well, the grave is not our meeting-place.
A better hope is mine, and soon by grace,
With her at home I'll be.

Of other friends whom God since then has given,
Some sleep in dust like her ;
'Twixt me and some lies many an ocean-mile ;
Some walk beside me for a little while ;
But all from near and far

Shall gather quickly, when the Master comes.
At sound of His Home-Call
In one blessed moment all from Earth shall spring
To His loved presence, and on joyful wing
Pass to the Bridal-Hall.

I shall behold my mother on that day,
And many dear ones more
Who throng me now in Memory's spacious dome.
All, all shall meet within that blessed home,
And parting shall be o'er.

Somerville, Jan. 22, 1885.

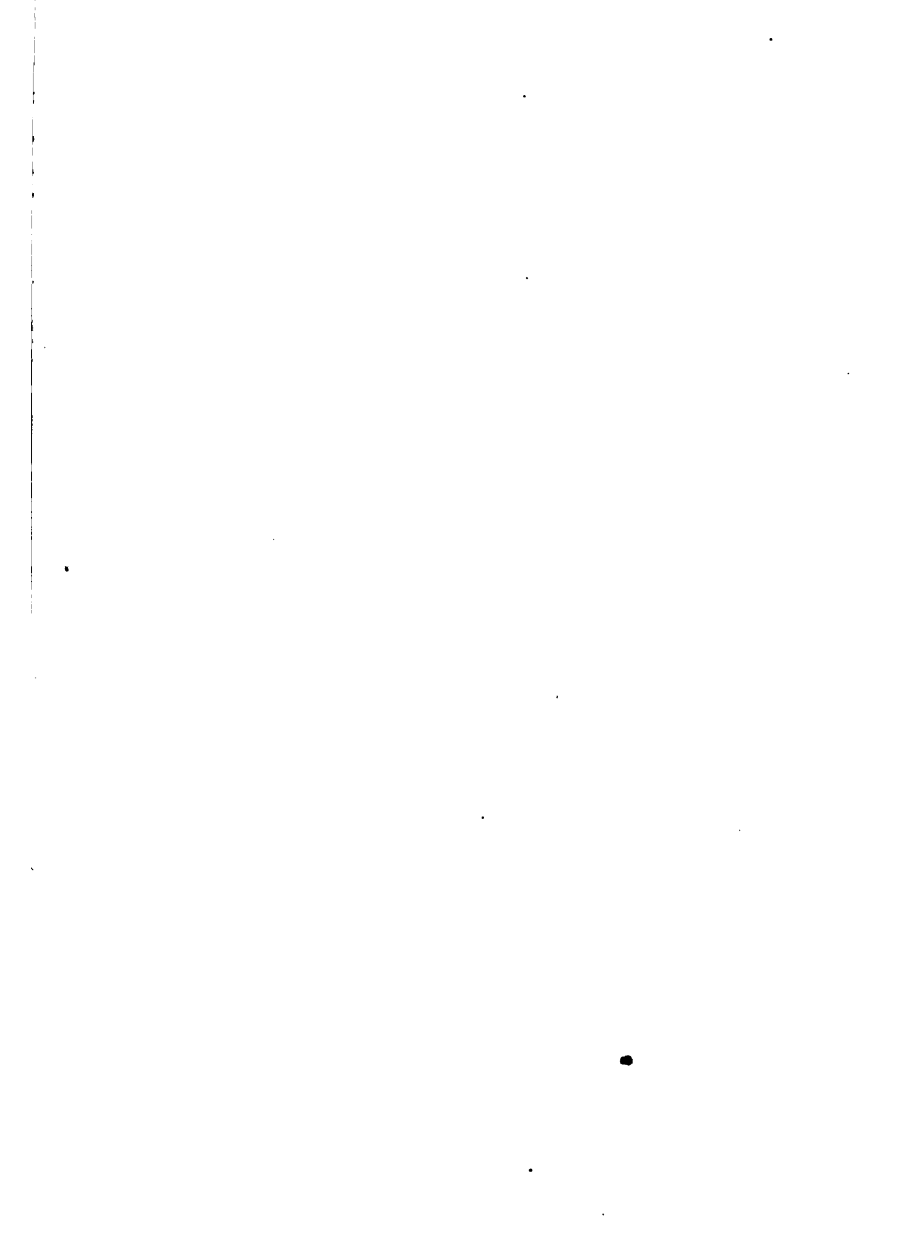
JOHN WATSON

Was drowned in the act of saving a comrade's life. On his body being recovered a New Testament was found in his pocket with the leaf turned down at John xv. 13.

Hold we still in hallowed memory
Him, the loving and the brave,
Who away in foreign waters
Died a comrade's life to save.

Emblem of the Great Redeemer,
Over whom the waves did roll —
Waves of wrath and bitter anguish,
All to save the guilty soul.

Greater love could no man render
Than to die for those he loved ;
'Twas a high and sacred honor
And his strong affection proved.



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